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BRACKET RACING BASICS

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HOT ROD

SPECIAL CENTERFOLD INSIDE!

SECRETS TO STREET PERFORMANCE

2nd Annual SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

Yes, We're Doing It Again!

10-SEC. 5.0-LITER STREET MUSTANG

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SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

Under normal running conditions, Kenny Bernstein's righteous ragtop wouldn't need gas at this time of night; however, K.B.'s '54 Chevy is no longer powered by a sluggo six. Instead, the Sultan of Suds' cruiser happens to have a rotund Rat running under its shaved hood. In other words, Kenny's kool kemp, with wheels by Boyd and a chopped top that converts this semicustom into a real hair blower, gobbles up the gas just about as quickly as Bernstein's Buick burns nitro. But one evening, during a midnight pass through the streets of Tinsel Town, Kenny noticed that his gas gauge was lower than his last e.t. Lo and behold, there was Michele Hess, fully outfitted in a Ziganne (Hollywood) swim zoot, ready and able to lend a helping hand. Since then, Kenny knows one thing for sure: V&R Auto Repair and Gas is now where he buys *all* of his hydrocarbons.

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

Julie Kruis, who is kinda' coveralled by Ujena, is our type of fix-it or repair-it dolly. And does she know her parts! She will tell you that Randy Lorentzen managed to get his own white and gray roundster into the photo schedule, and that pal Mike Johnson helped Randy build the N.A.F. Cobra. Julie will also say that the sporty Ronal wheels are held in place by Gary Hall knockoffs and that the Cobra's 302-inch Ford has been equipped with SVO's new, black-chrome rocker covers and that Earl's Performance supplied all the beautifully braided hoses and anodized fittings. In fact, Julie will insist that we look at the Cobra's bright Carrello Safari driving lights, VDO gauges, Nardi steering wheel, and shifter knob, too. But there is one thing she won't tell you. And that's how fast Randy's stretchered-in, car port queen runs . . . because she's still working on it.

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

If you use your imagination, it doesn't take long to come up with all sorts of neat and nifty rod-related environments. Used car dealerships, towing services, swap meets, and even body shops come to mind. So we thought it would be fun to conjure up our own version of a body shop and paint booth "womanned" by an equally impressive work person. But we couldn't let our babe in the booth fight a lot of overspray or find herself covered by blobs of lacquer, enamel, or epoxy; therefore, we opted for an environment as clean and cosy as an abandoned steel mill. Then photographer Randy Lorentzen selected stunning Debbie Dunning, outfitted her in a Hawaiian Tropic spray suit, and then sent her off to Santini's Paint Shop to squirt on the color. As for the object of her attention, the lowered and chrome-wheeled IROC look-alike '87 RS Camaro belongs to Don Miller.

EVEN MORE AHEAD! TURN TO PAGE 79 FOR MORE SWIMSUIT FUN

Although our Swimsuit Spectacular is part of our April Fools fun 'n' games issue, what you see here isn't really a put on. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the long-awaited R&C/HRM "New Angle Anglia." However, that isn't Larry Ruth—the guy who swapped in the B&M-blown Chevy V6, or the Turbo 350 trans, or built the hood and solid sides, or sectioned and laid back the grille shell or painted it Porsche India Red or added both Center Line wheels and Goodyear tires—standing in front of this 39-year-old English Ford. Nor is that owner John Dianna. Who it is, is Jill—which rhymes with chill—Cole trying to do two things at once: One, to get warm in her Ujena suit. Two, to do so while standing next to the Anglia from 10 p.m. until 3 a.m. in front of Circus Circus in Las Vegas, Nevada.

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

DON'T START HERE, GO BACK TO PAGE 27 TO SEE ALL THE SWIMSUITS

Women drivers have been an important part of drag racing since the days when Peggy Hart, the wife of famed dragstrip operator C.J. Hart, strapped on her helmet, then strapped it on the competition at Santa Ana during the early '50s with her Cad-powered, '27 T highboy roadster. And the Shirleys, Shahan and Muldowney, come quickly to mind, too. But few, if any, of the current crop of female drag racers have had the distracting influence of "leaver" Lisa Moscker and her class-kicking, Lambeck & Gottlieb Pro Stocking '87 Chevy Camaro. All Lisa has to do is slowly pull her fire suit over her Hawaiian Tropic underpinnings and it's an instant red light for the guys she's racing. To really put the fear of bod into the Pro Stocker ranks, Lisa would love to drive Buddy Ingersoll's Regal.

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

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Here's the bit. Jim Elliott and his wife, Grace, are low-riding their way to *Bod & Customs*' Lead Sled Spectacular when they chance upon a not-so-typical road repair job led by traffic control guard Kris Talso. Now we all know that laying fresh asphalt is hot work, so Kris is appropriately attired in one of Cut Out Bikini's (Simi Valley, California) brief but bitchin' body socks. However, there is a potential for trouble here. You see, early customs were built before the advent of plastic filler, so their much-massaged skins were shaped up with body lead. Consequently the hot macadam could cause the lead under the '51 Merc's lavish lavender pearl paint to sag, which would ruin seven years' worth of work by such notable customizers as Gene Winfield and Dick Dean. So that's why Miss Kris is keeping the custom from going any farther by holding her hard hat next to the hood.

There was once a time when those old fuddy-duddies in circle track racing wouldn't allow the Cindy Margolises of the world, or their Body Glove outfits, to enter the pits. The pits were male bastions, full of grease, grime, and gasoline, while women were about as welcome as "blow'ed" motors or black flags. Men wearing white shirts and white trousers were *de rigueur,* and anybody who drove a green car or forgot his whites was out of luck. The sporty car set saw the error in the roundy-pounder ways and bent over backward to fill out their team's personnel with birds of a different—but delicious—feather. So scintillating Cindy has free reign of the Saleen Motorsports pit where she, as one of the crew members, has had a positive effect on the team as well as their SVO-powered '88 Mustang SCCA Showroom Stocker. Meanwhile, the duddies have changed their ways.

SWIM-SUIT SPECTACULAR!

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!

"Remember this," advises Rick Shaw, "cleanliness is next to rodliness"... which is why most hot rodders "luv" to wash their rides. Soap and suds fill a cleansing need. Polish waxes poetic and gives elbows something to do other than bend. And deep luster allows for inward contemplation. However, most of us bathe our beauties by hand, generally without female companionship—just totally alone—and at odd hours in driveways, car ports, or backyards. But when you're in "luv"—or inside the kind of puffed and petite peekup Larry Brandon drives—you find a free-form way of purifying, purging, and pedicuring your pickup. In Larry's case it starts with a full-blown, Aerojet 2000 shower at Marina South Car Wash (Redondo Beach, California) and ends when the Zaganne-draped Michelle Eveland shimmies and chammies this pampered pickup to perfection.

Getting clean happens once every two years in the land of coupes and nuts. Our prized pieces of personalized performance are required by the law to conform to California's exacting emissions standards. Once they are tested clean they are then allowed to dodge freeway snipers' bullets, or to play tag with the tank trucks carrying hydrazine to the hungry rockets at Vandenberg. The only thing that makes these biennial checks palatable is that they are conducted in clean-room environments, such as Edelbrock Industries' emission lab, by high-steppin' emission technicians such as Ujena-clad Miss Heather Hall. Fortunately Heather, who served her apprenticeship as the Miss Hot Rod winner at the 1987 HOT ROD Magazine Supernationals, knows her stuff. So Vic Edelbrock, Jr.'s radical-red and righteous roadster, built by Roy Brizio, should pass the dreaded gas test.

SWIMSUIT SPECTACULAR!